SMITHS REPORT

On the Holocaust Controversy

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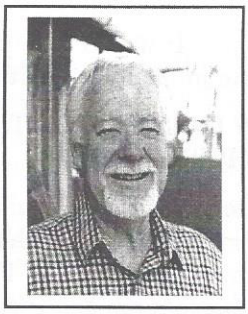

Encouraging an open debate on the Holocaust taboo, and on the U.S. alliance with Israel. Without the first we will never have the second.

Warning! This is going to be an awful newsletter. You are not going to want to learn very much of what I have to write here. It's best that I write it. It's best for you. It's best for me.

You may have noticed. No Smith's Report last month. It may have occurred to you -- something must be wrong. Something is wrong. I have located the problem. It's me. It has to have been me. There's no one else around here to pass it on to.

I have been going at The Project like one of those old generals who is always fighting the last war and is surprised to find that the war he is confronted with in the moment is something rather different. It's still war, it's still his cup of tea, but it's different. Apparently the U.S. generals in Iraq did not fall victim to this old malady. They were imaginative and professional. It doesn't hurt to have all the weaponry on your side, all the funding on your side, but those too result from imagination and professionalism.

This issue of Smith's Report will reveal almost everything that newsletters are not supposed to reveal. Newsletters are supposed to be up beat, focus on accomplishment, demonstrate to the reader that the publisher is on top of his game, and that he has his opponents cowering in dark corners.

That's how the newsletter game is played. It's a very serious game. For me, it's what holds everything together. Without the funding that this newsletter produces, it's all over with me. All over for the Project. Kaput. CODOHWeb, the Campus Project, radio and television. The Internet and the World Wide Web. And maybe Bones. I don't believe it will ever be over with Bones.

When I sent SR96 to the printer two months ago I wrote like I had all my ducks in a row. The ad for Break His Bones was running in the UCLA Daily Bruin and I had the assurance of the editor, Cuauhtemoc Ortega, that it would continue to run. It would be the first time that a revisionist ad had run for a proposed ten weeks (once a week) in any student newspaper – ever.

I have been at this for twelve years and it has just never happened. To run a revisionist ad in a student newspaper even one time creates a story. I could only imagine what kind of a story might develop with the ad running for ten consecutive weeks. That would be the story I would get my hands around, grow it, use it to get on campus in other ways, use it to get on radio, to sell Break His Bones, all of which in turn would sell revisionism, which would sell Bones, which in

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turn. . . . It would be a perpetual-motion publicity machine.

HOW I MISJUDGED THE CAMPUS PROJECT

In the event, it took me months to sort out the new defense our worthy opponents at Hillel and its associates in the Industry had put together. In late September when the ad for *Bones* was accepted by the U Texas *Daily Texan*, I thought I had won. I only needed one paper. A simple ad for a book. Nothing more. Including the address for www.breakhisbones.com.

Every student, some 40,000 of them, every professor on that campus, could read all about *Bones* on its Web page. Free. From such tiny acorns do large revisionist campaigns begin. I did not expect to find that a student paper at such a large institution would allow an ad for a book to be censored once they had gone with it. I was wrong. As reported here, the ad ran one time and was censored. Nothing about the ad running, being protested, or being censored, appeared in the *Texan*.

In October when the Harvard *Crimson* accepted the ad for *Bones* I thought – this is better than Texas would have been. The *Crimson* will go with it. At the *Crimson* they know what they're doing. They would never accept an ad for a book sub-titled "The Private Life of a Holocaust Revisionist" without knowing what they would be up against. What could beat this? Harvard!

Just as we had started doing in September in Texas, we now began gathering PR addresses in Massachusetts and New England. This was going to be fun. This one would reach national media in New York City and Washington. The AP would have it all over North America. The primary student newspaper at Harvard University running an ad for a book written by a Holocaust revisionist, and announcing he was a revisionist in the title of the book itself. But I was wrong again. The ad was censored after one run. Nothing was allowed to appear in the *Crimson* noting the publication of the ad, protests against the ad, or its censorship.

Now we were in November and the ad was accepted to run in the *Daily Californian* at Berkeley I was not so certain about what was going to happen this time. I thought it had a chance at Berkeley because of the radical nature of a good part of the student body, but of course they are radical about some things and very non-radical about others. The ad ran one time, was protested, censored and no word about any of it appeared in the *Daily Cal*.

Something had changed with regard to student newspapers running revisionist ads. I didn't know what it was. I hadn't made any mistakes. I had done what I had always done -- submitted ads to student newspapers -- but someone somewhere was doing something different. I had misjudged what was going to happen. My worthy opponents had kept a lid on the story at three successive university campuses. They had never been able, or never been willing, to do that before.

Before, Hillel and others associated with the Lobby had always beaten their breasts and rent their garments in public protest that a revisionist activist had dared present himself on campus. That's always where the story was. In their reaction. This time there was no reaction, so there was no story. That is, there was no public reaction. This time my worthy opponents had taken care of everything behind closed doors, behind the curtain, and convinced student staffs to participate in the censorship of an advertisement for political reasons.

Maybe the upcoming war with Iraq had charged the context with a special energy. The content of the ad, the fact of my book, me – maybe Hillel and the rest of that gang were able to convince student journalists, or more likely their faculty advisors, that what I was doing was unpatriotic on top of being anti-Jewish, anti-Zionist, anti-Israel and so on. I don't know. Speculation.

I've reported here that an editor at the *Daily Texan* told me that the protests to the paper had been "a little overwhelming." At the same time, a deal had been cut with the editorial staff that no report, and no letter, would be published by the *Texan* that referenced the publication of the ad, the protest against it, or its censorship. I have to give credit where credit's due. The forces of censorship on three of America's most important campuses were exceptionally well organized and effective. I admire their professionalism, their self-discipline in being willing to give up the public hysteria and self-justifying theatrics that they had indulged themselves with for so many years.

And then in January I was able to place the same ad for *Bones* in the UCLA Daily Bruin. This time the situation was different. When the *Bruin* accepted my ad I wrote to the editor, Cuauhtemoc Ortega, informing him of what had happened at Harvard, Berkeley and Texas, and offered to back him up when the forces of repression descended on his office after the first publication of the ad. He assured me that the ad would run. I accepted that and prepared myself for the story that was going to develop. This would be the one. UCLA is only five hours

from where I live here in Baja. When the story broke, the next day I could be there. I could be there the same day if it was important.

Ortega kept his word. As I reported here, the ad began running on 9 January and had run on the 16th and 23rd when I sent *SR96* to press. While it was odd that no story had developed, I was certain one would. Everything I had ever done on campus had generated a story, usually a substantial story, and sometimes a scandal that would become regional and even national. I waited. Nothing happened. Nothing. The ad ran one Thursday after another and died a quiet death each week.

I realized that my worthy opponents had done it again. This time, discovering that they could not persuade a principled editor to censor the ad outright, they could, nevertheless, persuade him to not allow anything to be published in the *Bruin* about the ad. No letter, no op-ed column, no guest column. It was very tightly, very successfully controlled.

So my worthy opponents had chosen to allow a Holocaust revisionist ad to run in a student newspaper at an important university, week after week, month after month, for the first time in history. Literally -- the first time in history! They had concluded that the ad was nothing without the story. Without their wailing and renting of garments in public, together with a strict censorship of all discussion of the ad, I had nothing to work with.

I had not made any mistakes, as it were, but I had misjudged the new context created by the other side. I was using tried and true tactics, expecting tried and true reactions, and I had found myself surprised, rebuffed, and defeated by a new organizational defense, a new discipline, and fresh-thinking. Texas, Harvard, Berkeley, and now UCLA – all down the drain.

I had misjudged the situation on the ground in more ways than one. For some ten years I'd had a budget for the Campus Project. The budget covered printing and postage for mailings of essay advertisements to hundreds of campus newspapers several times during any academic year. And for the extra office help I needed to keep up with hundreds of ad reps, editors, journalists and civilians who contacted me about the ads for one reason or another. The budget covered all expenses, but by far the greatest cost was buying space. Some years that budget exceeded fifteen thousand dollars.

It was an error of judgment to think that I could change the nature of the project from primarily publishing essay advertisements to one where I would publish a simple ad for a book and expect to get the same results. There was nothing in the ad for the book that had to be responded to. It only had to be censored.

My patron for the Campus Project, the lady who had been so loyal, and so generous, all those years, believed I was wrong to change so important a part of the project. Being of a sound, rational mind, she argued that if it ain't broken, you don't fix it. I wanted to fix it. She wished me well, but did not come along. And now she has passed away. It was a deep personal loss for me, and a serious loss for revisionism generally.

Without a budget, without funding, it's impossible for me to approach the campus project the way I ran it for ten years -- that was the last war. I learned something. I have to find a new way to go to campus. Can you teach an old dog a new trick? Or, better, can an old dog learn a new trick on his own? I think it can be done. In any event, if he still wants to take revisionism to campus, he's going to have to be imaginative and professional.

An added irony of losing the first rounds in the "struggle for the campus," as Professor Deborah Lipstadt once referred to the contest between the Campus Project and the academic community, was that because I had produced no press, no publicity for *Break His Bones*, I had produced no sales either. I ran the ad for *Bones* in the UCLA *Bruin* for sixteen consecutive weeks before I gave it up only last week. An $880 investment. I had to get out.

In the great scheme of things, all the above is small potatoes. For me, it goes to the heart of the matter. It's what I do. In the great scheme of things, most everything is small potatoes.

HOW I MISJUDGED THE INTERNET PROJECT.

At the same time that I was being frustrated on campus by the new tactics of my worthy opponents, I was up to my ears working on Internet and Web-page issues for the www.breakhisbones.com Web site.

There were issues of the design and functionality of the page itself. There were issues of search engine placement, the construction strategy of using mini-sites, the relative merits of many – many -- different email marketing approaches, the kinds of tools and programs that I needed to buy and how I had to learn to use each one I bought.

I had no experience on which to base any decision about any of these issues. Everything about all of it was new to me. Every time I reached a fork in the road where I had to make a decision on which way to go, I got lost. I wasn't just up to my ears with all this. I was in over my head. I had

misjudged the ease by which I could learn a new business using new tools and new concepts. I wasn't the guy I thought I was.

The first version of the Web page for *Bones* was little more than a straight-forward sales letter. I intended to play the percentages, based on our experience with CODOHWeb. During a five-year period ending in 2001, we had built up the traffic until we were getting more than 900,000 hits a month. Nine hundred thousand! If I could get any substantial fraction of that number of hits on the *Bones* page, I would sell hundreds, if not thousands of books. When *Bones* started making its way to the public that way, it would produce a publicity bonanza *Bones* and revisionism on a scale we have never seen before.

My lack of experience with Internet issues, my inability to pay for professional help due to lack of funds, combined with the failure of the Campus Project to take people to the *Bones* Website, contributed to the stalling of the Internet Project. Sales of *Bones* dropped to a handful during April. While I understand that the campaign in Iraq was distracting, the fact remains that I misjudged my ability to get on top of Internet marketing issues by myself, that I ignored the fact that my funding was in decline, and overrated my ability to get past the crises that was bearing down on me.

HOW I MISJUDGED THE RADIO PROJECT.

Doing radio was part of the project for promoting *Break His Bones* and revisionism from the beginning. Doing radio had been in my mind for months – long before *Bones* was even printed. I had done a lot of radio in the late 1980s through 1991. This was when I was running the Media Project for the Institute for Historical Review. During those years I was interviewed some 350 times by radio and television talk show hosts and news journalists.

When I started out with radio I knew nothing about it. A reporter or a talk show host had never interviewed me. I grew comfortable with the format quickly and enjoyed myself and got the revisionist message out more widely than anything that had been done before in America. I took some terrible verbal beatings on the air, but I didn't seem to mind. I don't know why.

We left Hollywood for Visalia in late 1989, and it was there that I developed the idea for the Campus Project. I thought the potential for getting revisionism a hearing on university campuses would be even more productive than getting it out over radio. I was right about that, as subsequent events proved.

Deciding that I could not do both radio and the campus project by myself, I let radio go. That was 1991. Periodically, something would come up and I would think about adding radio to my workload again, but I never did. There was always more to do than I could do. I suppose that was it. But once I made the decision to finish *Bones* and have it printed, I knew that it would be important for me to get back on the air.

Self-published authors can sell books via radio interviews. Particularly if their book fits a specific *niche*, if it is controversial, and if the author knows how to handle an interview. Some authors don't. I do. Radio would be my cup of tea. In October, when *Bones* was ready to promote, I was in the middle of trying to figure out how to get my ads published regularly in at least one student paper, and I was snowed under with trying to figure out how to best use the Internet and the Web. I decided that I would prepare the ground as best I could, and kick off the Radio Project in January.

At the same time, I was increasingly aware that contributions were in a sharp decline. It had been some time since I had accomplished anything worth noting. That's how it works. When I get press for revisionism, when I create publicity, contributions are good. When I don't, contributions decline. What could be more natural? It's the merit system. It's the American way.

The first time I did radio, IHR paid my expenses and paid me a fee for each interview I completed. There were no money problems. I could mail a proposal to a thousand talk show producers and work off the percentages, which usually meant I would get a one to three percent response. Ten to thirty interviews per thousand solicited. Each mailing would cost about $700, or seventy cents each package.

By January I was beginning to understand the situation on the ground. I could not approach radio now the way I had approached it when I had the backing of IHR. I would have to be inventive. That was okay with me. There were a lot of downsides accumulating for The Project, but there was an upside as well. For the first time I had a saleable product to promote – *Break His Bones*. If I did radio well, I would sell books. Radio would produce publicity for revisionism, and would produce income through the sale of books. Which would help me get more radio, and so on.

In the old days when I did a mailing to a thousand talk show producers, each eight-page package would include a cover letter outlining the primary story I wanted to address, background

on Smith, background on The Project, and list of suggested questions for the host so that he would have something to work with on the air. I didn't have the money to do that this time.

I decided to do something inventive. I would use brightly colored, oversized postcards rather than letters. The "package" consisted of one "page" only, rather than an envelope and four pieces of paper. It would have a photograph of the cover of *Bones* on the face of the card, and on the reverse it would have a provocative idea to discuss, and the Web address for the *Bones* Website. I would offer to send a review copy of *Bones* to any producer or host who asked for it.

The idea behind the postcard mailing was that a big, brightly colored postcard will not get lost in the sea of envelopes that arrives on the producer's desk each day. The producer will notice such a card in the first instant, and he will be able to decide in only another moment if he is interested in having me as a guest. If he is he can go to the "newsroom" on www.breakhisbones and get all the background he needs to make his decision, plus suggestions for relevant questions for that interview.

Because a postcard is less expensive to print than four pieces of paper and an envelope, the "package" was less expensive. It was still too expensive to send to the 700 talk show producers that I have in my database. So I would send the postcards to only 200 producers at any one mailing. I would focus on California, Texas, and New England. That would again reduce costs. I could do this.

After various problems with a local printer, I mailed the first postcard in February. I received three requests for a review copy of *Bones* – less than one percent. Such a low response was a real disappointment. In the end, two of the three decided to not invite me on their show. The one interview I did was on the Rick Strawcutter program in Michigan. The producer assured me that I would receive a cassette recording of the interview, but I never got one. While I was happy to do the one interview so that I could get one toe back in the water, the mailing had been a failure. Why?

Okay. I would fix that with the next mailing, thirty days after the first. The thirty-day mailing schedule was part of the project. A reduced list of talk shows, but going back to them again and again to make the point that I am here and that I am not going away. The Holocaust taboo is connected not only with issues of intellectual freedom in America,

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Here is a (slightly reduced) Postcard solicitation to talk show producers, the one I trashed because the last line in the contacts section had not been printed. The war in Iraq was in full bloom at that time, so this is a bit out of date, but it gives you the idea of how I will be handling talk show solicitations.

THE PREMISE

No war in **Iraq** without 9/11.

No 9/11 without American aid to **Israel** for its ongoing colonization of Arab land in Palestine.

No colonization of Arab land by Israelis without the "moral justification" of the Holocaust story.

No moral justification for the **U.S./Israeli alliance** against Arabs if the **Holocaust** story is not true.

FACT: The Holocaust story is not true.

FACT: There is no "moral justification" for the U.S. to support the colonization of Arab Palestine by Israel.

FACT: It is **taboo** to question either the Holocaust story or the U.S. alliance with Israel.

MY PREMISE: **If we do not talk** about these two taboo issues we risk another Iraq, and another Iraq, and another and another until . . . .

BACKGROUND. I was with the Seventh Cavalry in **Korea** where I was wounded twice. In 1968 I was in **Saigon** as a freelance writer during **Tet**. I have first hand knowledge of war. I'm appalled by the mass slaughter of Iraqi soldiers.

As a book dealer on **Hollywood Boulevard** I was prosecuted for selling a book banned by the U.S. Government -- Henry Miller's **Tropic of Cancer**. I have first hand knowledge of State censorship and institutional **taboo**.

For two decades I have argued for open debate on the **Holocaust** question, and now I argue for an open debate on the **U.S. alliance with Israel.** I have first hand knowledge of those who argue in favor of taboo and **censorship** on these issues – who argue against the **great ideal of American culture** – intellectual freedom.

It's worth talking about.

(HERE I OFFER PRODUCERS A REVIEW COPY OF BREAK HIS BONES, *AND LIST MY CONTACT NUMBERS AT THE OFFICE AND ON THE* BONES *WEB PAGE.)*

but with historical and political issues in the Middle East that are current not and extraordinarily dramatic and important.

In early I April worked up a second postcard mailing. It would cost about $90 total. When I went to pick it up I found the printer had cut off the last line of the proposal. I couldn't use it. Because of language issues it was uncertain who was responsible for the error. So the postcard was a throwaway, but I had to pay for it. Forty dollars.

Technically, all I had to do was to reprint the card, making certain that the last line was included in the text. Instead, I fell into something of a funk. That rarely happens with me. For several days I didn't have the heart to do anything. It was odd. For months now one thing after another had gone wrong. Big stuff, certainly, but small stuff too. Multiple problems with my computer, a photocopier that no longer works, a new telephone/fax and answering machine that works fine in Mexico but doesn't work with machines outside Mexico. The problem is with the local telephone company but they've been unable to fix it), my inability to get volunteer help with CODOHWeb. But it was the big stuff that was most frustrating.

My realization that I had misjudged and mismanaged one part of The Project after another. It was as if the turn of events, the progress of life, had taken a turn against me. There was nothing personal about what was happening. It was just the sense that maybe life was taking a turn that I could not have predicted. That's not quite it. I can't predict anything. But there was something in the air that did not bode well.

I had grown anxious about the money, something I had never felt before. I had never had much money. I had always been willing to live hand to mouth, as they say, and I'd just never worried about it. That was simply the way I lived my life.

Over the last couple years, as I have produced less and less, support began to waver. There was a flurry of new help when I announced that *Bones* was printed. I was able to pay the printing bill. But then support faded again. I wasn't worried. I would use *Bones* to produce revisionist press, and the sale of *Bones* would produce a profit. One would build on the other and I would be okay.

So I had *Bones* to hand, but it was precisely then when things began to go very wrong. When I began to misjudge this, misjudge that. In early April when I realized that I had, in fact, misjudged much more than I'd had a right to misjudge, I sat down to do the next issue of *Smith's Report*. I would lay it all out for you, explain in detail where I had gone wrong, where I had made mistakes, the difficulties here in Baja with finding help, the simple bad luck.

I know we like to say that we make our own luck. Still, sometimes life has a life of its own and luck becomes a plaything of the fates.

My discipline over the last three, almost four weeks now, has been to work on *Smith's Report*. I had no good news to report, and I had no news. I took one run at it, then another. Nothing worked. It was a bad dream. I was struggling to move through a swamp of thick black goop up to my chin. The only news I had to report is that I'm in crises.

Because I have produced no successes for revisionism for too many months now, you may be having second thoughts about my ability to do the work. This would demonstrate a sound skepticism on your part. At the same time, your diminished support undercuts my ability to do the work. As I accomplish less, it leads in turn to a further decline of support, which further undercuts my ability to do the work, which leads to a further decline of – well, you understand where it leads.

I did this work pretty well for fifteen years – up through the end of the academic year in 2000. That year I was able to place quarter-page essay advertisements in student newspapers at 73 colleges and universities across the nation. The ad was titled

"HOLOCAUST STUDIES: Appointment with Hate?"

It dealt primarily with Nobel laureate Elie Wiesel. It was a good piece and it did good work everywhere it appeared. The placing of such print "infomercials" was the primary reason for the immense growth of CODOHWeb -- to the point where we were approaching one million hits per month.

Things change. My work now is to take *Break His Bones* to a mass market. That's the Project. No revisionist has ever been able to take his book to the public commercially. The history of revisionist publishing is that when a revisionist publishes his book that's the end of it, except in revisionist circles. When I published *Confessions of a Holocaust Revisionist* in 1987 I didn't even *try* to market it. It was a given: it was impossible to market a revisonist title outside revisionist circles.

Carlos Porter once told me that when he published *The Holocaust: Made in Russia*, a truly unique and valuable book, he sent a copy to every member of both houses of the British parliament. He didn't hear a word from anyone, anywhere. "It was like throwing a rock down a

well," he said. "I never imagined it would work like that."

I've always remembered that. "Like throwing a rock down a well." I was going to change that. I *am* going to change that. I'm going to take *Break His Bones* to the American people and the world at large via radio, the campus, the Internet and the World Wide Web. That was what I was going to do when I made the decision to go with *Bones*, to make *Bones* the centerpiece of the Project. That was two years ago. I have made mistakes since then, misjudged many situations, have failed to get the book off the ground. It's going to take more heavy lifting to get it up and going than I thought it would, but that is still what I am going to do.

I'm going to do what I can to fix it so that those who are still here after I'm gone will live in a political and cultural context in which they will have a reasonable chance to take their own work to the public just as I will have done with *Bones*. But that's then. Here we are now.

We are at a specific place with regard to the work we are all interested in, and it is a specific hour. I'm in crises. Here are the simple facts of the matter. I have debt amounting to $6,700. Of that amount, $4,600 is in *overdue* bills I owe to printers, writers, and outside technical and office help. (The other $2,100 is what's left of hospital bills for my wife's siege with cancer six years ago. I can continue to pay this one in small monthly installments).

Each morning I crank up the computer, go Online, confirm how many books I sold the day before, then check my bank balance. Last Thursday when I signed on to my book distributor's page I found I had sold one copy of *Bones* the day before. When I checked my bank account there was a balance of $666. I am not religious, but when I saw the "666" figure I felt the scalp prickle and the hair lift up off the top of my head.

My *coiffeur* has since returned to its natural state, but the anxiety is still there. I'm not the anxious type, but today, six days later, 1 May 2003, I owe $4,618 in over due business bills while the balance in my checkbook is $181. One hundred eight-one dollars constitutes the total amount of working capital that I have to run a project that has been deemed by the ADL and other Industry big guns to be one of the most effective revisionist efforts on the planet.

In the big picture, the total of my business debt is inconsequential. For those of you who have worked to create careers for yourselves, or worked to develop a real business, or who work real jobs, or who have had the good sense to take care of your retirement, $4,618 is not much of a nut to crack. I chose to not build a career, to not develop a business, or look for a good job, and I think it is obvious that I do not have good sense about financial matters. I have always invested every dollar, every surplus dime, in The Project. For more than fifteen years now. That's what I chose to do. The odds were that someday it would have to come crashing down.

The day has come. I'm in stasis. I have no money. I have no credit. I can hardly move. I did not develop The Project correctly, and now I'm in a corner. After my move to Mexico in 1997, after the bankruptcy, a more sensible man might have chosen a different way to pass his life. My wife mentioned this to me a few times. What can I say? I didn't even consider giving up the work.

Since coming to Mexico, since the bankruptcy, I have worked without borrowing. No credit cards. I paid the printing bill for *Bones* from contributions -- $4,170. Last month, seeing the picture on the wall, I went to my banker to apply for a credit line of $10,000. I would pay my debts, hire the people I needed to get breakhisbones.com working right, and begin taking *Bones* public, taking advantage of what I have learned over the last six months. The credit line was refused. The reason given was the 1997 bankruptcy. Nothing I can do about it.

So here I am. I have a book that is eminently promotable (if that's a word). I am convinced that I have the right concept for promoting it and promoting revisionism at the same time. I have two Websites, neither of which is functioning properly. By the end of May it is conceivable that I will not be able to pay even the telephone bill and I will be off the Internet. Radio will be beyond me. As will most everything else. It's closing in. No one's fault. It's my fault.

The odd thing is, the irony of it, is that I am very close to being able to kick this game off. Everything I do from here on out will be through publicity. Publicity can be a fraction of the cost of advertising, and many times more productive. I have access to tools now that I didn't have even two or three years ago. I have the Internet, the Web, and the book. I understand that I will have to do one thing at a time, and get professional help (as little as possible) at each step. It's a whole new ball game. I can do this. I need help to do it.

Do you have computer skills that you can volunteer for CODOH? Other skills? Do I know you? Does anyone I know know you? Do you have ideas that might help and will not need a budget? If so, please get in touch.

-- Bradley

THIS IS WHAT I NEED

I need to pay off all my *overdue* business debt -- $4,600 – and get it out of my hair. Get my credit back. It is not a lot of debt to have accumulated over a period of six years doing the kind of work I do, in the circumstances that I do it. And I need about that much more for operating expenses. Once I start getting publicity for *Bones*, new contributors will appear. Once the publicity for *Bones* starts to kick in, I will begin selling *Bones*, and that will produce income and more publicity. That's the program. That's The Project. Radio, the Internet, and *Bones*.

Not one of you who reads this newsletter owes me anything whatever. Not one of you. Nothing. Nevertheless, I need your help. I need some serious help. I need it now. I think you will have to have some kind of feeling that you can count on me. You have counted on me for years, helped me for years, through a lot of ups and downs, and over time it has always paid off. I have always upheld my part of the bargain, if not at the beginning, at the end. I will uphold my part of the bargain this time. Despite the fact that I have not got the program off the ground when I expected I would, I will get it off the ground.

I have learned a lot these six months. I have failed at a lot, and learned a lot from that failure. I'm not promising pie in the sky. I am confident that I have a good concept, that is was good at the beginning and that it is good now. I have a good program for carrying out the concept, I am learning what the right tools are and which are not, and I am going to get good people to help me.

I have always asked for your help based on work that I have completed or projects that were already producing results. This time that isn't the case. This time I have to ask you to trust me. You can trust me.

Thanks for your help. If not this time, next time. If there's no next time, no hard feelings, and thanks for the help you've given me all the other times.

-- Bradley

PS: There is a little news after all, at this last moment, and it's good news, so I'm going to pass it along here.

Revisionist Karl Hannover, a man I have known for several years now and have great confidence in, has volunteered to reopen the CODOH Discussion Forum. As recently as two years ago this forum was producing tens of thousands of hits every month. People from all over the world were checking in at the forum to monitor and participate in the back and forth about revisionism, including many thousands who would quietly view the exchange from countries in Europe and elsewhere where such debate is prohibited by law.

Our esteemed opponents are going to look on this new development with sour faces. It is precisely this kind of free forum where students and others new to revisionism go to get their first view of revisionist theory, and to see for themselves that it can more than hold its own in a free and open debate. This may prove to be the first step to revivifying CODOHWeb, and returning it to its recent stature and influence. Good news indeed. Here's the URL:

http://www.yourforum.org/revforum

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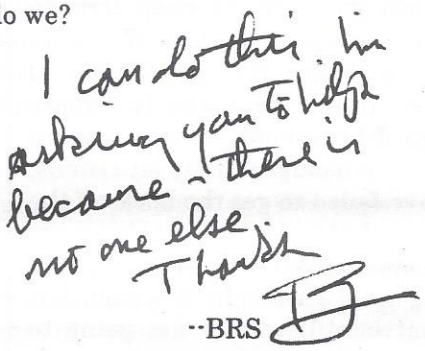
Other good news is that, thanks to John Bolton, a highly experienced, professional Webmaster has volunteered his services to CODOH at no charge. Bolton and I have both worked with this man before. We know how good he is. This means that we are going to do some house cleaning on CODOHWeb – in addition to getting the new Forum up and running. Maybe the fates are thinking to smile down on The Project again. But then, we don't want to leave it to the fates, do we?



FRIENDS

Smith's Report is free to those who help in any way. Everyone who receives this issue of SR will continue to receive it until I discover that you are not interested, or you cancel your sub.

Those of you who I have not heard from over the past year will no longer receive SR.

The more help I receive, the better the more likely that I will be able to create a place in this society where an open debate on the Holocaust story, and thus the U.S./Israeli alliance, will be tolerated and (is this possible?) even encouraged. That will be the day when the ideal of intellectual freedom will once again be honored in American culture.

Send all contributions and correspondence to:

Bradley R. Smith
Post Office Box 439016
San Diego, California 92143

Telephone & Fax: 52 661 61 23984
Telephone (voice): 1 619 685 2163

Email: bradley@telnor.net